

THE SOUTHERN BANNER.

EDITED BY GEORGE A. WILSON.

"INDOCTI DISCANT ET MEMINISSE PERITI AVANT."

PUBLISHED BY GEORGE W. PIERMAN.

HOLLY SPRINGS, MI., SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1839.

NO. 18

TERMS.

"SOUTHERN BANNER" is published for Four Dollars, which must be paid in advance. No subscription is entered for less than six months; nor will it be made until all arrears are paid.

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Poetical.

ACCOUNT CURRENT.

Woman, Dr.

That woman brings sorrow, grief and pain, and has her springs, first of female brain.

Leading poor Adam to ruin, and estray; and sorrow, still the madam, and proud directs the way.

She is a starfish pleasure, and a coquetish train, and what the mighty treasure, and to drag a golden chain.

And constant bawling, and domestic strife, and children bawling, and woman made a wife.

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gain. Advantage may redound, from it, I believe, but I question whether it were not better to live free in the forest chase, than to be the slaves of sordid pelf, or die in the bloody battle, than to live a life in death, bound up by the next moment's price. It matters little, if gold be our idolatry, whether we mould it into the giant statue, or stamp it into coin."—*Benthams Address.*

The Inn-keeper who figured as the Hero in the joke of the "Old Clock," or "Here she goes, and there she goes," seems to have afforded a good deal of amusement to his humorous neighbors since its publication. At first he could scarcely contain himself at the mention of the Old Clock, and became as fidgety and ill-natured as an old Maid; but on reflection, he thought better of the matter, and grinned amazingly at the idea of being placed in so entertaining a dilemma. A New York paper gives the following account of the merry landlord:

"Mr. B., the Hero of the Old Clock story, has lost six of his seven senses in consequence of that publication—and has been within a hair's-breadth of giving the Coroner employment in a dozen cases of dreadful manslaughter. In the beginning he took the matter calmly enough, but would not allow that he was the intended of the tale, no how it could be fixed on him. At length, however, he could not withstand the evidence brought against him, that he was the genuine Simon Pure; but though the truth came upon him slowly, it was none the less awful in its results, as it drove him almost frantic. The first effect of his rage was the utter annihilation of a favorite old bed-room clock, and the transfer of every thing in the likeness of a time-piece in the house down to the cellar. We then made a deposit of his well-known little bull's eye of a watch in the darkest spot of his Secretary; and then, hearing that Mrs. B. had a pair of silk stockings with 'clocks' on them, he ferreted them out, and disposed of them among the angry flames of the bar-room fire. In the mean time, who to the man, woman, or child, that alluded to a clock, or any thing that sounded like a clock, in his presence, but doubly wro to them if they had the hardihood to repeat those especial words of his abhorrence, 'Here she goes, there she goes,' or alluded to the article in the Sunday News. 'Come into dinner, my dear,' said Mrs. B. to him a few days since, 'It's half past 12 o'clock.' 'I'd see you and the dinner to the devil first, and then I would not,' responded her amiable helpmate. 'Here she goes, there she goes,' remarked an intimate friend to him on another occasion. 'Then take that, you blackguard and follow her,' yielded the frantic host, hurling a pewter measure at the speaker's head. And, in short, for the first fortnight, his wrath was so far above fever heat, that the men were only few and far between, who were sufficiently hardy to venture into his presence; and there was no person whatever so frantic as to bid him the time of day. Before the end of a fortnight, however, his wrath had boiled away, and he now not only laughs at the joke, and makes money by it (for it brings him shoals of customers,) but is actually, according to rumor, endeavoring to organize a society, to be called the 'Old Clock, or here she goes Club,' whereof, if possible, to have himself appointed perpetual chairman. It is also said of him that he intends forthwith to bind one of his sons to a clock-maker, (an old one if possible) and to christen the next child that the Lord favors him with, by the euphonic cognomen of 'Here she goes.'"

COUNTRY FUN.

(Coming it over the City Boys.)

A set of shrewd chaps, up to all sorts of tricks, are the "haw-bucks" in the neighborhood of Madison, Ia. A late Courier of that city, speaking of a jaunt some of the town boys recently took into the country to rusticate and see the "gals," says:

"The wild boys of the woods took it into their heads that their spruce visitors were rather taking the shine off of them, and resolved to be avenged. They accordingly held a council of war, and after mature deliberation, resolved to deprive their enemies horses of that necessary appendage, the tail. No sooner said than done. Favored by the darkness of the night, they stole to the stable and shaved the tails of the horses of the dandies, as they called the town boys, and went back to the house and joined the merry company as if nothing had happened. The next morning the 'dandies' called for their horses, and when they were brought out, imagine their surprise and chagrin, on finding that their fine horses, borrowed too, at that, were minus their most beautiful appendage! 'Hallo Mr. Stiff Dickey,' jocularly inquired one of the eclipsed country bucks, 'hant the calvs been chewing your horse's tail?' No answer was given; the chop fallen dandies mounted and put off amid the roars of laughter that burst from every mouth but their own. A little after dark they were seen approaching Madison by a back alley.

Mistaking one's self.—An old gentleman who studied theological subjects rather too much for the strength of his brains, determined to try his luck in preaching, nothing doubting but that matter and form would be given him without any particular preparation on his own part. Accordingly, on Sunday he ascended the pulpit; sung and prayed; read his text and stopped. He stood a good while, first on one leg, then on the other, casting his eyes up towards the rafters and then on the floor—in a matchless quandary. At length language came to his relief—"If any of you down there think you can preach, just come up here and try it."

North Carolina Patriot.

A new business to me, as the Devil said, when he attended Prayer-meeting.

THE LAST TRIAL OF FIDELITY.

The reign of Napoleon, worried an ransacked as it has been by the writers of memoirs, recollections and histories, is a mine that still has a multitude of rich, and, as yet, unexplored views. The history of the secret associations that spring up in the latest days of the emperor would form a most curious and interesting volume, and there would be no lack of materials to fill it. The society of the United Brothers alone would furnish pages of the most absorbing interest, while nothing could appeal more forcibly to the imagination than the strange and dramatic episodes connected with its mysterious initiation. Perhaps a hundred incidents might be related as striking and well-conceived as the following:

An officer of the French army, having incurred the suspicion or resentment of the Emperor, thought it expedient to abandon his country, and take refuge in one of the Austrian provinces; and here he became advised of, and initiated into a society, the object of whose formation was to hurl to the ground the Colossus whose arm smote and governed the whole continent of Europe with a septre of iron. One day a letter was brought to him, containing the usual signs and passwords of the society, and requiring him to appear on the following night to a secluded spot in a forest, where he would meet some of his associates. He went, but he found no body.—The orders were repeated four times; the officer sought the appointed place, with no better success than the first. On the fifth night of his appearance at the rendezvous, after waiting some time, he was on the point of returning, when loud cries suddenly arrested his attention.

Drawing his sword, he hastened to the spot whence they seemed to proceed, and was fired upon by three men, who, on seeing that he remained unwounded, instantly took to flight—but at his feet lay the bleeding corpse, in which, by the feeble light of the moon, he vainly sought for tokens of returning animation. He was yet bending over the dead man, when a detachment of chasseurs, summoned apparently by the noise of the pistols that had been discharged by himself, came up suddenly and arrested him as the assassin. He was loaded with chains, tried the next day, and condemned to die for his supposed crime. His execution was ordered to take place at midnight. Surrounded by the ministers of justice, he was led, at a slow pace, by the light of torches, and the funeral tolling of bells, to a vast square, in the centre of which was a scaffold, environed by horsemen; beyond these were a numerous group of spectators, who muttered impatiently, and at intervals sent forth a cry of abhorrence.

The victim mounted the scaffold, and his sentence was read, and the first act of tragedy was on the point of fulfilment, when an officer let fall a word of hope. An edict had just been promulgated by the government, offering a pardon and life to any condemned criminal who should disclose the members and secret tokens of a particular association, the existence of which the Frenchman to whom these words were addressed had lately become aware of, and of which he had become a member. He was questioned, but he denied all knowledge; they urged him to confess, with promises of additional reward—his only reply was a demand for immediate death—and his initiation was completed.

All that passed was a terrible trial of fidelity; these who surrounded him were members of the society, and every incident that has been described, from the summons to the last moment of expected death, was only a step in the progress of the fearful experiment by which he sought to determine the trustworthiness of the neophyte.—*Foreign paper.*

FEMALE JOCKEYSHIP.—Victoria is said to be one of the most accomplished "lady equestrians" of the day. A letter from Odessa says that her example has excited a passion for horsemanship in the ladies of Lesser Russia to an extraordinary degree. The waiter affirms that there is not a lady in the whole province, with any pretension to fashion, who, in imitation of her majesty, has not at least one saddle-horse, and that some keep as many as six. He adds, "At the Cherson races of the seventh, all the horses that ran, not only belonging to the ladies, but were ridden by their owners, dressed in fancy habits, and wearing caps a la Reine Victoria. The number of horses entered was no less than eighty, most of them native breeds, which were brought to the course attended by numerous grooms in liveries, gaily decked with gold and silver lace. The first grand prize, a silver cup, valued at one thousand five hundred roubles, (about six thousand francs), was won, by Fedora, a bright bay mare, belonging to the beautiful Countess Naritschin, and ridden by herself; and the second prize, a pair of silver candlesticks, with five hundred roubles, (about two thousand francs), by Boujan, an entirely black horse, ridden by Madame Natchajen, a native of Castellaccio, in Naples. What would the gentlemen of the Union course say to this female jockeyship! Shade of Hannah More! What are we coming to?"

N. Y. Mirror.

WHAT I LIKE TO SEE.

I like to see a person when he enters into a Printing Office, mind his own sandals, and let ours alone; not even put his hands on a single type. Do you take? GREAT PRIMER.

Editor, publisher and printer.

Some person has been so foolish as to counterfeit the \$50 bills of the Brandon Bank. What a crazy zany! the whole issues of that Bank are little better than so much trash, and are not worth counterfeiting. It was the humor of a wag fond of cracking a joke.—*An April fool's trick.*

A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

A few years ago, a farmer living a few miles from Easton, sent his daughter on horseback to that town to procure from the bank small notes for one of 100 dollars. When she arrived there the banks had closed and she endeavored to effect her object by offering it at several stores, but could not get her note changed. She had not gone far on her return, when a stranger rode up to her and accosted her with so much politeness, that she had not the slightest suspicion of any evil intention on his part. After a ride of a mile or two, employed in a very social conversation, they came to a retired part of the road, and he commanded her to give up the bank note. It was with some difficulty that she could be made to believe him in earnest, as his demeanor had been so friendly—but the presentation of a pistol placed this matter beyond a doubt, and she yielded to necessity. Just as she held the note to him, a sudden puff of wind blew the note into the road, and carried it gently several yards from them. The discourteous knight alighted to overtake it, and the lady whipped her horse to get out of his power and the other horse, which had been left standing by her side, started with her. His owner fired a pistol, which only tended to increase the speed of all parties and the young lady arrived safely at home with the horse of the robber, on which was a pair of saddle bags. When these were opened, they were found to contain, besides a quantity of counterfeit bank notes, fifteen hundred dollars in good money! The horse was a good one, and when saddled and bridled, was thought to be worth at least as much as the bank note that was stolen.

N. C. Standard.

ROMANCE IN PARIS.—Paris we believe is the head quarters of the spirit of romance in real life, whether of the pleasing, or the terrible. Not long since, at a public masquerade in one of the theatres, a young milliner, dressed as a Scottish Lassie, repaired thither for the purpose of discovering, if possible, whether her lover, to whom she was betrothed, had not estranged his affections. Moving slowly among the grotesque and variegated throng, she at last discovered her "flame." She engaged him in conversation with an altered voice, for a while, and finally ventured to ask him after his Lucile. "Oh," said he gaily, "I am tired of her—she has outlived my liking."

Her arm dropped from his carelessly, and she sauntered about the vast area, trying to ascertain where the fair one lived who had called off the regards of her friend from herself. She succeeded—knew the street they would pass in returning home, which was the one in which she herself resided. She preceded them cautiously a few rods in advance—ascended to the topmost room of her dwelling, and flung herself a mangled and lifeless corpse at her faithless lover's feet.

Philadelphia Gazette.

"PUTTING IN MIND."—This common phrase was used by a Hibernian, a day or two since, in rather a ludicrous connection. Pat was driving pigs in Lowell street, when Barney met him, and after the usual interchange of 'how d'ye do,' and 'sure it's myself that's glad to see you,' Barney pointed to one of the quadrupeds, with—"it's a fine pig that sow, Patrick." "It is that same Barney, which puts me in mind of asking for your wife, the crathur, is she well?"

ROBBERY OF A BANK AT WASHINGTON.

The following is from the National Intelligencer. Mr. Goodrich was formerly a citizen of this place—we have known him well, and hesitate not to express our belief in the truth of his statement.

Our attention was painfully attracted by reading in the Globe of Wednesday afternoon, the following: "We understand that Mr. Orme, a Teller in the Bank of the Metropolis, took fifty thousand dollars from the bank. The suspicions of the Cashier being awakened by appearances, he counted the money, and, discovering the deficit, charged the Teller, who confessed everything, and pointed to the person who had it in possession, Mr. Goodrich, a clerk in one of the Departments. Mr. G. was arrested and the money recaptured."

The circumstances of this robbery, which was the general and almost exclusive subject of conversation in this city during last Wednesday, were, as far as we have been able to collect them from the most authentic sources to which we had access, as follows:

Mr. Dennis G. Orme, a Teller in the Bank of the Metropolis, very respectably connected, and inheriting a handsome patrimony, having not been in attendance at the bank at the usual hour last Tuesday morning, and from his conduct on the previous day in absenting himself for some time from the counter, and appearing during the morning to be slightly inebriated, suspicion was excited in the mind of Mr. George Thomas, the cashier, that all was not right, and his Teller's account being compared with the cash on hand, it was quickly discovered that there was a deficit of not less a sum than fifty thousand dollars. Immediately on this discovery being made it was communicated by the Cashier to Gen. Van Ness, the President of the Bank, and the Directors. The former, though indisposed, went to the house of Mr. Orme (who was said to be sick in bed) and obtain an interview, in which, after stating to Mr. Orme the deficit in his cash, the President used every argument he could think of to induce Mr. Orme to account for the deficit, and to say what had become of the money. But all in vain. Mr. Orme persisted in denying what had become of it.

After this interview, Mr. Orme accompanied Gen. Van Ness to the bank, and was again closely interrogated by the President

and some of the Directors, when he still persisted in denying all knowledge of the deficit and of the way in which the money had been disposed of; until, the Marshal of the District of Columbia being introduced, and process having been served for the amount of the deficit, the defaulting clerk made a confession that he had taken the fifty thousand dollars and given it to a Mr. A. W. Goodrich, a clerk in the War Department. This confession was made rather late on Tuesday evening. It was then thought advisable to arrest Mr. Goodrich, and he was soon afterwards discovered by the Deputy Marshal at a Refectory, and conducted to the director's room, where in the presence of Mr. Orme, on being told by Gen. Van Ness that he had the \$50,000 given to him by Mr. Orme, and the latter having confirmed this statement, he (Goodrich) admitted that he had the money, and taking a large roll of bank notes out of his coat pocket, gave them up—saying, "there is the money." Having obtained the money, it was counted by the Cashier, who found that it amounted to the sum of \$49,800 two hundred dollars only being deficient. After some little conversation between the President of the Bank and Mr. Orme and Mr. Goodrich, in order to obtain the \$200 still deficient, the President agreed, at the request of Mr. Goodrich, that the bank would dismiss all further proceedings for the recovery of the money, and Mr. Orme and Mr. Goodrich were allowed to depart.

On Wednesday, however, about noon, an affidavit having been made before Judge Thompson, warrants were issued in the name of the United States against Dennis G. Orme and A. W. Goodrich, charging the former with feloniously taking and carrying away the sum of \$50,000, the property of the Bank of the Metropolis, and the latter with receiving that sum of money, knowing it to have been stolen. Both warrants were placed in the hands of H. B. Robertson, who, in a short time, arrested Goodrich; D. G. Orme could not be found.

After a long and patient investigation of the charge against A. W. Goodrich, in the presence of the President of the bank and the Cashier, who were witnesses for the United States, (the district attorney being present, and J. H. Bradley being counsel for A. W. Goodrich) the magistrate required the accused to give bail in the sum of \$2,000 for his appearance at the next Criminal Court for the county of Washington, which bail having been given about ten o'clock at night, Mr. Goodrich was discharged, after being under examination about five hours.

It is only just to add, that Mr. Goodrich, in the defence denied that he had received or obtained the money with any criminal intention; that, finding Orme in a frolic, and crazy, as he could be proved to be, when under the influence of liquor, he had merely kept the money until Orme got out of his frolic; and that he was prevented from returning the money to the bank (which he sincerely regretted,) through the fear that he might do Orme some injury with his employers, and in hope that he would speedily get right again. Goodrich also said that he had searched for Orme during the day in his usual haunts but could not find him.

Two or three witnesses were called, who testified that D. G. Orme, when intoxicated was "almost crazy," and excited in a most unusual and extraordinary manner. One of them swore he saw him on Monday night, somewhat intoxicated, with a large roll of bank notes carelessly in his hat and acting very strangely at the time.

Since writing the preceding notice (which we have detailed more than usual, as well to gratify intense public curiosity as to correct erroneous representations of the case) we understand from good authority that Mr. D. G. Orme intends to surrender to the civil power, and give bail for his appearance to answer to the charge against him.

From the New York Express April 11.

NEW YORK ELECTIONS.

LOCOFOCOISM DISPLAYED.

Horrible state of things in the 12th Ward. Yesterday was a horrible day in the 12th ward. We had practical Locofocoism of the most deplorable kind, to which we invoke the devoted attention of the Public. On Thursday when the polls closed, it was ascertained that the Whigs had at least an equal number of votes, or it may be, even, fifty or sixty ahead. On Wednesday—the poll was held at Yorkville—about half past ten o'clock, a scene of savage excess commenced, unequalled and unheard of in this city, which alarmed the bravest men in the ward, and absolutely deterred the firmest of the whig party from exercising their right of suffrage. A gang of demi-savages from water-works surrounded the poll, and kept possession all day, attempting to prevent any person from voting whom they even suspected of being a whig or from approaching the polls to exercise his right. Several peaceable and unoffending persons attending the polls, and some who had charge of the tickets, were brutally attacked, beaten, disfigured and sent into the inspector's room covered with blood and wounds. The inspectors themselves were apprehensive of their own safety, and if a man deposited a whig vote, it was at the very peril of life.

Fearing scenes similar to what occurred at the last election, a prior understanding was had with persons who were supposed to have control of the riotous locofoco mob in the ward, who promised that if no extra civil force was sent there as contemplated, they would pledge themselves for the public peace. Among these persons, or of those apparently abating these brutalities by not exerting themselves to put them down, were Peter Quinn, a contractor on the roads, John Quinn Alexander Parker, the present locofoco candidate for constable (!) John Mega, another contractor on the roads, and Richard Crawford.

An express reached the Mayor's office at a very late hour last night, with the important document we publish below from the inspectors, to which we appended a great many respectable inhabitants in the ward, which we have not room to publish. Two of the inspectors signed this document, the first of whom is the Tammany inspector and the second the Whig; and the absence of Mr. Craig's name, the other inspector, is accounted for by his living in a remote part of this out-town ward, whom it was not convenient to visit with the depositions at that late hour but who, however, heartily concurs in the representation.

These horrible outrages are committed by unnaturalized Irishmen, even upon their own countrymen too! Some of these are water-works laborers, and more are announced to-day as coming from the water-works, with drum and file. A great many Irishmen in the 12th ward vote the whig ticket, and unnaturalized Irishmen who vote the locofoco ticket are so outrageous when they are challenged that they wish to murder all whigs who insist upon their taking the oath. A young man yesterday had the nerve to challenge twenty-one persons attempting to vote, and only five of them would take the oath. They immediately, however, sought the life of this young man, and he preserved himself by flight! Such a state of things in a civilized land is indeed horrible.

The military, it will be seen, are called for by both the whigs and Tammany inspectors. They say a civil force is there powerless for the support of order. What course the Mayor will take we are not able to say; but we understand he had the affair under deliberation till a very late hour. Where are the aldermen and assistant aldermen of this ward? Why do they not restrain their people from these ferocities? The inspectors, if it be not in the power of the Mayor to protect them, are not called upon to sacrifice the lives of persons, or to aid in mainmings, and such brutality as they speak of below—Let them refuse to receive a vote till life is protected. The poll to-day, if held at all, is to be at the house of detention in Harlem.

To the Hon. Aaron Clark, Mayor.

We the undersigned, two of the inspectors of the election of the Twelfth Ward, hereby declare that, during the two past days of the present election there have been frequent tumults at the polls—riot and bloodshed. That, at the least four occasions yesterday, persons were attacked by a mob of riotous people, and were greatly bruised and injured, and that these four persons were vowed or understood to be Whigs. That one of these persons was Jordan Mott, Esq., an aged and respectable citizen, who, while conversing in the Hall, was seized and struck, and was rescued by his son and brought into the inspector's room. That on this day the following cases arose:

First. The case of—Smedes, who was engaged in distributing Whig tickets.

Second. A Scotchman, who had voted the Whig ticket, and was distributing the same tickets.

Third. The case of Thomas Smith, one of the marshalls employed in the room where the inspectors were receiving votes. Mr. Smith is a very respectable and well disposed person, and has passed the two days of the election in the immediate presence of the inspectors. While standing in his place he was suddenly felled to the floor, he says, by a blow on the side of his head. The perpetrator of this act could not be discovered.

Fourth. William Rowe, a special deputy marshall, a respectable inoffensive man, who was attacked by the mob, and fled for safety in the upper room, where the inspectors and clerks were at dinner.

Fifth. George Pine, one of the lamp lighters in Harlem, while quietly sitting on the piazza of the house where the polls were held, employed in taking charge of the box from which the Whig tickets were distributed, was violently assaulted, dragged into the street, kicked and bruised, his hair torn from his head, his clothes torn from his body, and his person lacerated in several places. He was rescued, and brought for safety into the inspectors room ragged swollen and bloody.

Sixth. Samuel Cross, who was dragged from the driver's box of a stage employed by the friends of the Tammany party and greatly bruised and injured; his clothes being torn, and his body bloody.

Seventh. Bernard Baldwin.—Mr. Baldwin is a very respectable citizen, of amiable deportment, and supporter of the whig party—now, or lately, a corporation contractor. After voting, Mr. Baldwin left the room, and in a short time was violently assaulted and wounded, and injured. After a severe conflict, Mr. Baldwin was borne into the inspectors room, wounded and bloody, his clothes in fragments, and his face covered with blood so much disfigured as scarcely to be recognized by his friends.

Eighth. The case of—Davie, a mild, inoffensive citizen, ordinarily employed in or about the publication or distributing of religious papers, who, on entering the house where the polls were held, received a violent blow on the side of his face, and who escaped by reaching the inspector's room.

The inspectors saw much of what is above described, and what ever occurred out of their view, which is so described, is proved to their satisfaction. The inspectors have been informed that there have been some peculiar cases for some of the above instances of violence, such as private differences or dislikes, but they know of no single instance of them all, in which any provocation was given to those who were guilty of this dreadful violence. The inspectors frequently endeavored to discover the names of the persons who were guilty of these ferocious assaults, but could not. They felt that there was